

2nd Place

People's Choice

The Smell of Rain

The cold breeze makes me shiver
and the smell of rain tickles my nose
as the clouds play hide-n-seek with the sun.

Animals scurry, searching for cover
for they too can sense the storm coming.

But I don't move.
I allow the storm to take me over.
To wash me away.

I lie in the grass and wait.
It cannot be much longer.
And, surely it isn't, my knee
feels the first trickle and within minutes
I am flooded.
First with the rain, then with the
meaning it gives me.
It almost stings.

I scream, release myself, then jump up.
I look up at the falling rain and it mesmerizes me.
The sky lights up with purple bolts
inevitably followed by sound explosions.
My thoughts clear out like the clouds
after the storm passes.
Though my heart is still heavy with emotion.

Second Place and People's Choice
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